

A EUGENIC ELOPEMENT IN A WISCONSIN TOWN

Dark shadows obscured the house as the moon sank behind a bank of clouds. A window was slowly and quietly raised. Soon a silent figure slipped over the window sill and noiselessly slid to the ground, via the knotted sheet route.

A figure lurking in the darkness beneath grasped the girl in his arms. "My darling!" he whispered, "let us flee at once. My car is down the road." His attempt to fondly kiss her was met with a rebuff. "Sir," she cried, "where is your kissing screen?"

"S'death!" exclaimed the man, "I must have left it on the piano. But let us hasten. I hope you have not forgotten your health certificate?"

"No, I have it in my—in a safe place," was the prompt reply. "But," sniff, sniff, "did you pass the examination? What is that I smell? Have you been drinking?"

"Nay, my love. 'Tis but the bay rum of a rummy barber shop that you smell."

"It is well." Then they entered the waiting machine and as the chauffeur, in response to urgent orders, started the car rapidly forward, the daring youth spoke loving words, lowly, though his teeth chattered with fear and cold.

"Ah, ha! Wretch! You have deceived me!" cried the maid. "Your nerves are weak or you have chills and fever. Base villain! you must have forged your health certificate!"

"N-n-no, I d-d-did n-n-nothing of the k-k-kind. I f-f-found a doctor who would pass me for a p-p-price."

"False one! Then let us go back at once." Ker-chew! ker-chew! she sneezed.

"There, you are subject to colds yourself," taunted the man. "Who s-s-signed your certificate, anyhow? Yes, we WILL c-c-call it off. I'll tell John to t-t-turn back."

"Oh, Tom, don't! don't! If we love each other, a cold in the head or a toothache will not mar our happiness. Don't you love me any m-m-more?" she wailed.

There was silence in the back of the car for a minute or two and the man in the moon peeped down and winked. At a cross-road the driver asked, "Which way?"

"Across the bridge!" cried Tom as he and his beloved came back to earth with a start.

And they pounded across the bridge into another state where the marrying parson was satisfied with a five-dollar bill, without a bill of health.

AND HE DID

The young bride on a steamer was very much concerned about her husband, who was troubled with dyspepsia.

"My husband is subject to seasickness, captain," she remarked. "Could you tell me what to do in case of an attack?"

The captain replied: "That won't be necessary, madam; he'll do it."—N. Y. World.

THE WAR GOES ON

"I thought your minister was to have a call to Minneapolis?"

"He did expect it, but he went up there to preach a trial sermon and took his text from St. Paul, so it's all off."—N. Y. World.

Washington.—Peace and arbitration treaty between U. S. and Switzerland and formally agreed upon by Sec'y Bryan and Minister Ritter.